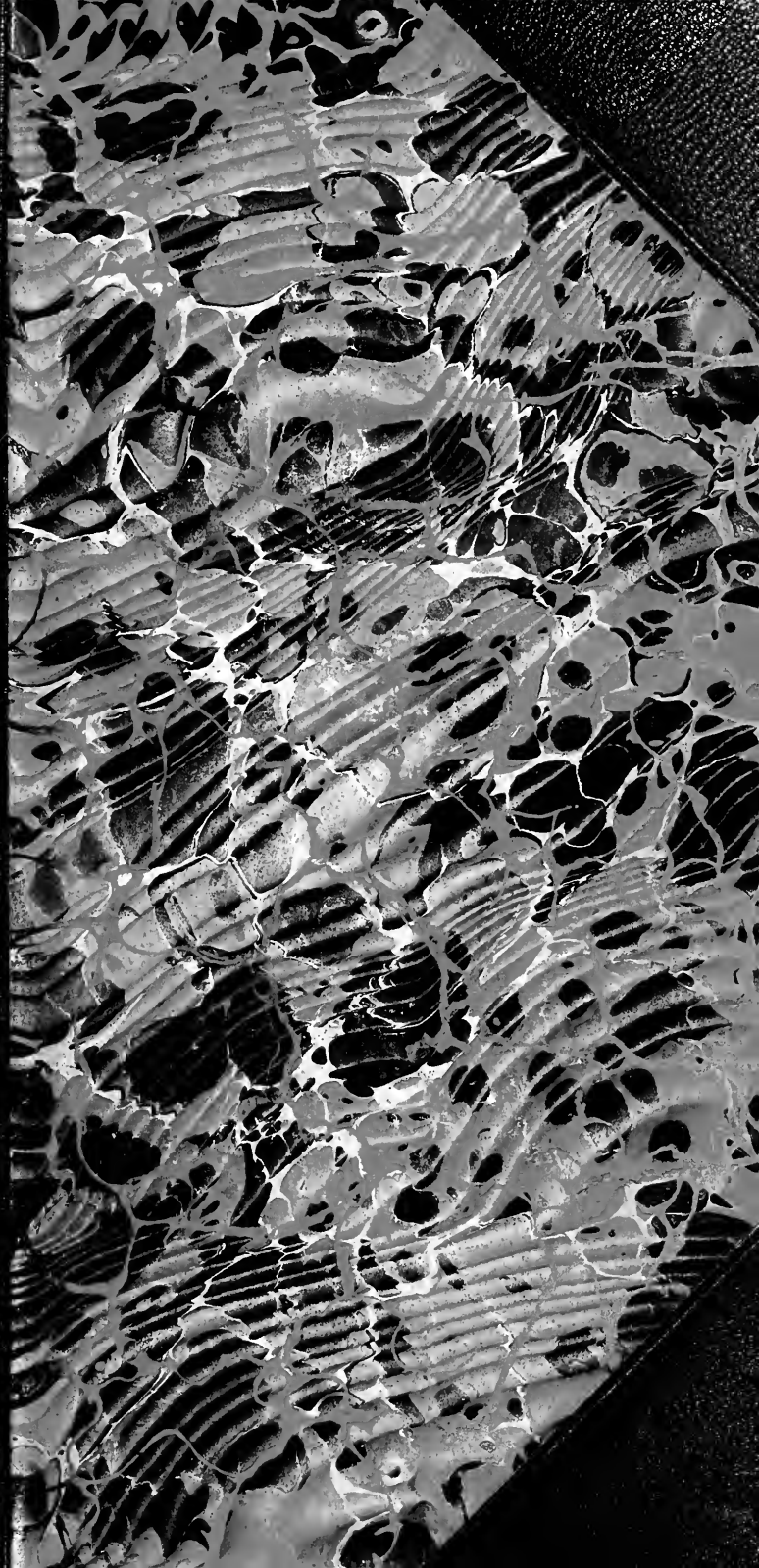


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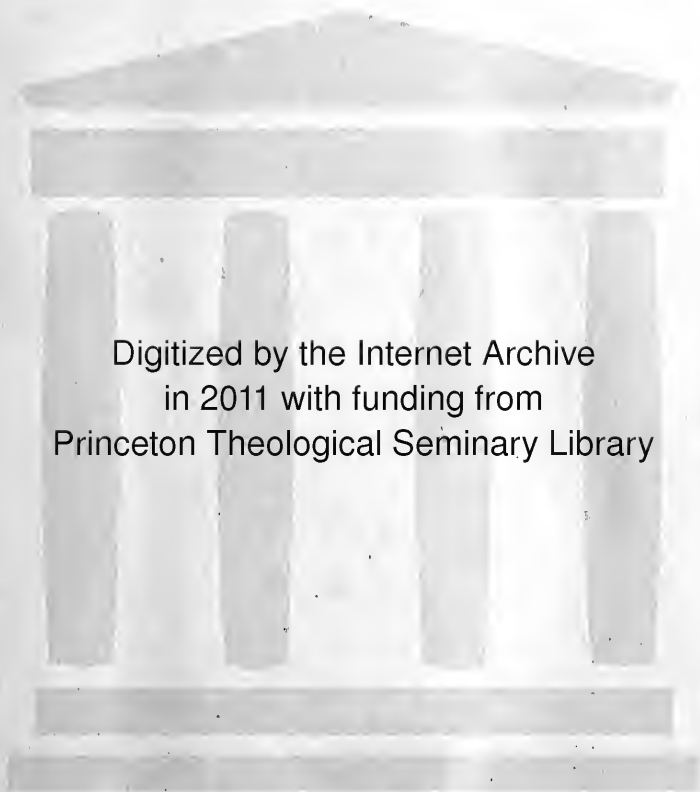


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PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S DEATH.

A

DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CALDWELL, N. J.,

ON THE DAY OF NATIONAL MOURNING,

JUNE 1st, 1865,

BY REV. I. N. SPRAGUE, Pastor.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

NEWARK, N. J.:

PRINTED AT THE DAILY ADVERTISER OFFICE.

1865.

PLATE I

Fig. 1. *Platanus* (L.) DC. (1753)

Fig. 2. *Platanus* (L.) DC. (1753)

Fig. 3. *Platanus* (L.) DC. (1753)

Fig. 4. *Platanus* (L.) DC. (1753)

Fig. 5. *Platanus* (L.) DC. (1753)

Fig. 6. *Platanus* (L.) DC. (1753)

Fig. 7. *Platanus* (L.) DC. (1753)

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Messrs. NATHANIEL S. CRANE, ZENAS C. CRANE, L. C. GROVER, Esq., N. O.
BALDWIN, Dr. PERSONET and others—

I am unwilling that the discourse, requested for publication, should go forth to the world, without saying that it was prepared only for my own people. Such as it is, I send it forth, hoping that it may be a little leaven to assist in leavening the whole lump.

Yours, &c.,

I. N. S.

S E R M O N .

GENESIS 1, 7-11. And Joseph went up to bury his father; and with him went up all the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of his house, and all the elders of the land of Egypt, and all the house of Joseph, and his brethren, and his father's house; only their little ones, and their flocks, and their herds, they left in the land of Goshen. And there went up with him both chariots and horsemen; and it was a very great company. And they came to the threshing floor of Atad, which is beyond Jordan; and there they mourned with a great and very sore lamentation; and he made a mourning for his father seven days. And when the inhabitants of the land, the Canaanites, saw the mourning in the floor of Atad, they said, This is a grievous mourning to the Egyptians; whereupon the name of it was called Abel-mizraim, which is beyond Jordan.

That was a grand and royal funeral procession, which followed the good old patriarch Joseph to his burial. In that procession there were the chief officers of Pharaoh's throne, and all the elders of the land of Egypt, as well as the descendants of the Patriarch himself. They went up with chariots and horsemen, a very great company, marching onward for hundreds of miles, till they came to the family burying-place in the land of Canaan. The nations of the land saw this grand procession as it passed along; they were eye-witnesses of the great and very sore lamentations for the dead, and with no little fellow-feeling of sympathy they said, *This is a very grievous mourning to the Egyptians.* The record of that memorable funeral procession will be read as long as the world shall last.

Within the few past weeks we have witnessed just such an honorable funeral procession, marching through the land, attracting universal attention, and calling out the heartfelt

sympathies and the sincere mourning and lamentation of millions. When ABRAHAM LINCOLN died *a nation* mourned. They mourned not simply because of the *manner* of his death, but because of the *fact* of his death. All felt that a great and a good man had fallen—great in his very goodness and by that goodness, having won his way to the confidence and hearts of the people, as one raised up by a special providence for a great and special work. No man since the days of Washington was ever so enshrined in the hearts of the people as LINCOLN. His patient and noble bearing, his kind, conciliating spirit, his high sense of justice, his true patriotism and unambitious aims were coming to be seen and known, and they were commanding a high respect from the manly portion even of his political enemies. When the fiendish spirit of rebellion reached him in the form of assassination, the nation's heart was thrilled with horror. We hoped, for the sake of our common humanity, that the blow was an act of private vengeance; none of us dreamed that it could have been deliberately and maturely planned by men in authority, who had made such loud boasts of high and noble sentiments and deeds of chivalry, and claiming a superior manhood, and who had set themselves up as the pattern people of the world.

LINCOLN died, the nation mourned over him and carried him to his burial. It was a long journey from the death scene to the grave. The solemn procession passed from state to state, and from city to city, and wherever it passed, by night or by day, tens of thousands were found standing by the wayside, to do honor to the remains of the distinguished dead, by such emblems of sorrow and mourning, as, in their profusion, have never been seen at the funeral of any one man since the world began. Wherever the ark of the dead rested for a few hours, thousands upon thousands crowded forward to gaze a moment upon the countenance of the martyred President, and those that did this will tell it to their children and their children's children, as a memorable event

in their history, that will gather interest as time passes on, Our beloved, our honored, our martyred President now sleeps in the family burying-ground of his former home, and to that honored tomb will pilgrimages be made by a loving, grateful people, as they have long been made to the tomb of Washington. While these funeral scenes have been passing among us, the nations of the world have looked on and said, *Truly this was a grievous mourning, which the American people have made for Abraham Lincoln.*

It is too soon to make a fair and honest and just estimate of what LINCOLN was worth to us and the world. I cast my mind forward some twenty-five years, when the dust of our national strife shall all be blown away; when old political parties and prejudices have been laid aside; when the present generation shall have passed off, and when the union of these states shall be consolidated as it never has been; when society is settled from its long convulsions, when the forms of industry are running smoothly in their proper channels, and when the shadowing wings of our national eagle shall afford shelter and protection to all the oppressed, and when God's crowning blessing shall bring us a glorious prosperity, in connection with our established republican institutions; and from that point of time, I take my stand and look back and ponder and study the life and times of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. A generation hence, who will there be that will not do him honor? Who that will not then see that he was a chosen vessel of God, chosen out of the people to live and labor and die for his country's good, and that his life and labors and death have all been made subservient, under the providence of God, to the very best good of his country and the world? Twenty-five years hence, and probably much sooner, all the sore spots of the subjugated South will be healed over, slavery will be dead beyond the possibility of a resurrection, aristocracy will have disappeared under the necessity of a personal application to business, and all sectional prejudices will be

swallowed up in the tide of a growing prosperity, and a general national assimilation character. History then will give a truthful and impartial view of the war, through which we have just passed, of its causes, of its progress, and of the character and acts of the men who have performed distinguished parts in it. What then will history record of our martyred President?

I apprehend that in these future years, when calm and candid judgment looks over men and events and results, this very President will be the man whom the nation will delight to honor—that he will be the man of all our Presidents, who will stand the nearest to Washington in public estimation, if indeed he does not dim the glory of that great and good man. Washington is appropriately styled the Father of his country. It was under the leadership of his wise, patient and persevering efforts, in the camp and the field and the council chamber, in times that tried men's souls, that we came successfully out of the war of the Revolution, and were able to take our stand among the nations of the earth. His name is and *must be* embalmed in the memories of the American people, and will always be a dear and honored and precious name. Other honored names have been enrolled in the list of our Presidents, but the times since have witnessed very little perilous public agitation. When LINCOLN was brought forward from the obscurity of his quiet private life, the very nation was reeling and staggering, as under the blow of an assassin, aimed at its very life. His progress from his quiet home to the seat of Government was beset with perils. The nation waited in breathless attention to hear what were his first words, when he should speak with authority, and when he *did* speak, there was a freer breathing, because there was some hope of still preserving the life of the government. But it was a Herculean task that he took upon his shoulders. Who of us then felt sure that there was any man living that could perform successfully what *he* undertook? But most

successfully *has* he performed it. Amid difficulties and dangers, which no previous occupant of the Presidential chair ever encountered, he has kept firm hold of the helm of government, and he was not called away till he had brought the ship of state to a safe anchorage and placed the nation in a higher and safer position than it ever occupied before. With the last gun fired at Appomatox Court House, that position was assumed, and Europe and the world saw that henceforth we were a nation, and destined to be no mean nation among the nations of the earth. How quickly, when the march of triumph commenced, was this long and vexatious war brought to an end! Truly at the latter end a short work has the Lord made of it. The country is saved, the government is established, and republican institutions are secure for this generation and for generations to come, and ABRAHAM LINCOLN is at least our second Washington. Thanks be unto God, that he gave us such a man and *that* man, to bring us safely through the perils and dangers of times more trying than the times of the Revolution, that gave birth to our national existence.

History will make the record of LINCOLN, that he was a *good man* and a *great man* in honest-hearted goodness. That he had great native energy is evident from the fact that he was a self-made man. He was one from the great mass of the people. He rose by labor, by study, by perseverance. He stood out among the people, a sound, honest, solid man, and when the nation wanted such a man to hold the helm of State, they selected him. They were not disappointed in him. He was all and more than they had expected. His goodness of heart and honesty of character he carried with him into his public office.

He was wise as well as good. He looked into public affairs carefully. He weighed them long and well, and when his decision was once formed, it was a calm and deliberate and well settled judgment. Never moving with the rashness of haste, he was not obliged to retrace his steps and do his work

over. As we now look back upon his work and see how well it has been done, we shall find it difficult to point out, in any particular, wherein it could have been done better.

He was a true patriot. Times of peril and agitation in public affairs are the opportunities which are seized upon by unprincipled and ambitious men to advance their own interests, and grasp the reins of power. A Napoleon would have made the effort to do this, in the circumstances in which we have been placed. There were men who prophesied that Washington and Jackson and Lincoln would make this effort, but they never did. They were all honest patriots, ruling not for themselves, but for their country, not seeking their own interests, but their country's good. Such true loyalty to the government and the nation ranks next, in virtuous excellence, in my estimation, to loyalty to God.

Lincoln will be regarded in history as the true father of American Liberty. Our fathers in the great Revolution were wise and good men; under the circumstances they did the very best they could in laying the foundations and erecting the pillars of our national government, on the principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence. They planted the Tree of Liberty and its roots struck deep down into the soil, and its trunk rose in majesty and beauty, attracting the attention of the nations. But alas, they left standing by it the tree of slavery, then a little stunted, scraggy shrub, which they verily thought would wither and die of itself, supposing it could not live in such a soil as ours. But weeds will grow in the accursed soil of this earth in spite of human culture to keep them down. The good tree grew and flourished and spread abroad its branches, and the oppressed of the nations took shelter under it. But the bad tree grew also; it struck its roots deep down to get nourishment and strength; it reared up a tall and fearless head; it stretched forth its strong arms, and grasped the tree of liberty and threatened to crush out its very life. The God of nations looked on. The time of retri-

bution for national sin had fully come ; and God determined to wipe out together the sin and the stain of our nation, and for our punishment and as a lesson of warning to the world, this wiping out must be in blood. As the strife waged onward, it was not in the heart of our Chief Magistrate to lay the axe to the root of the evil tree, only as a matter of necessity to preserve the national life. God brought about this necessity. Our President saw it, even before the people saw it. Having calmly waited the fulness of time, he then acted with firmness and decision, saying, hew down the evil tree, and its branches, and leave not a stump or a root. By that one act, a race of nearly four millions took their places, for the first time, under the shelter of the tree of liberty, coming out from a state of bondage to the ownership of themselves, their wives and their children. The black people of America will never forget the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. It will be told to their children and their childrens' children, and their little ones will be taught to lisp it, as the one name, the dearest and most significant to them of all earthly names. Our honored President went down to his grave with the precious blessings of millions of the poor resting on his head.* Can we not feel that our Savior has already said to him, *Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was, in the judgment of charity, a true believer in Christ. He was the only one of all our Presidents, that entered upon his official life, asking publicly the prayers of the people. He was known to be a man of praying habits, and to be governed by Christian principles, and to fill his place in the house of God on the Sabbath. When personally addressed by way of friendly enquiry, he promptly answered that he did love Jesus. What tremendous influences were bearing on him daily to make him realize the great truths of religion, and to drive him to find refuge and help in God ! He knew that he was surrounded by constant perils ; he was

warned that evil men were lurking for his life; his immense responsibilities, connected with a sense of religion, would lead him to look upward, as he did, for wisdom and direction.

As a fitting, crowning act to all his previous life, *he was laid as a sacrifice upon the altar of his country.* It is and should be to us, a humiliating fact, that we, as a nation, had committed sins so great and grievous, that God felt it necessary to chastise us with sore afflictions and heavy judgments. We had become proud and vain and boastful and worldly and oppressive, and we were the more wicked, because we endeavored to justify ourselves in our evil course, by Bible precepts and examples. *Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord?* and the Lord *did* visit for them. Wars have been among the prominent things, which the Lord has used, through all the world's history, as a rod of chastisement for national and general sins; and it is a principle of Divine Providence that wars are made to uproot and destroy the very sins for which a nation is punished, or, if the sin is not repented of and given up, then the nation itself is destroyed, and another people is raised up to come in and take their place. National sins are held with great tenacity. They become woven into the social habits and customs of the people so that *evil is called good and good evil.* To root out such sins and make a people see that they are sins, and be willing to abandon them, God smites with blow upon blow. To accomplish the Divine purposes of this war, it could not be short, as we hoped it would be. It had to be lengthened out, till we could see and feel what God meant by it. Nor could these purposes be accomplished at little cost to our worldly interests. God meant to make it so costly that we should feel it in our purses and our family circles. Millions, that a man could not count in his life-time, have been expended, leaving a heavy burden of debt, that we and our children and our childrens' children must work out. Rivers of blood have been shed—scores of thousands of lives, scores upon scores have been sacrificed. The young men, the

flower of the country, have fallen, the land is filled with widows and orphans. The blow has fallen upon all parts of the land, but heaviest where there was the deepest guilt. Upon this altar of sacrifice, as it were to make atonement for national sins, many distinguished victims have been laid, of the choicest and best in the land, just such victims, as God required in olden times in acts of punishment and worship. But the measure of atonement was not complete, till there was laid on that altar a victim greater and better and more distinguished than all others. As the sacrifices of olden times ended by the offering up of Jesus upon the cross to complete and finish and perfect God's great work of redemption, so God has brought our national sacrifices to an end, by demanding a last and best victim, in the most honored and best beloved Chief Magistrate of the land. It is our earnest prayer that this may suffice, and that God now will turn away His anger from us, and give us once more the blessings of peace and love.

The more I ponder upon it, the more I think that this last, greatest sacrifice, which has made all the nation weep and mourn, *was needful* to carry out God's plan of mercy toward us;—that on the whole, it was a fitting, crowning act to wind up the tragedy of war, and introduce the blessings of peace;—that if LINCOLN himself could have known what would be the great good arising out of his death in the time and manner of it, he would have said, out of the fulness of his benevolence and patriotism, *let me be laid as a victim upon the altar; let my life be offered up for the benefit of the nation.*

I would not presume to put any human being on a level with our blessed Redeemer in any sense, for He is higher and holier and greater and better than any or all created things, yet I *must* say, that the more I think of it, the more I can see a striking analogy between the death of Christ for the world and the death of Lincoln for his country, in this, that as the death of Christ resulted in great good to the world, so the death of Lincoln will result in great good to the nation. Both

were put to death by wicked men from wicked motives, and both events are over-ruled, in the providence of God, to accomplish objects the very opposite from what were intended by their perpetrators. *Evil men dig a pit for their neighbors, and fall into it themselves.*

The national good accomplished by the death of LINCOLN, is already beginning to appear, and I apprehend it has only just begun to work.

It has toned down and softened the bitter feeling of the South towards the North and towards the government. This influence is already seen and felt. The Southern people were bitter, and they were ready for almost any thing, lawful or unlawful, to accomplish their ends, but they were not so far gone in the scale of depravity, as to lose all sense of humanity. The assassination of LINCOLN, and by the hired tool of their own authorities, touched them in their vulnerable spot. It thrilled them with a sense of horror and indignation, as no other event could have done. If our President had been captured or slain in honorable warfare, they would have rejoiced, for it would have worked to their advantage; but to have him murdered as he was murdered, and especially with the virtual complicity of the whole chivalrous South in that murder, was too much. It softened instead of hardening them. It touched to the quick all that was human in them. Their better feelings and their strong sympathies leaped to the surface at once. The South is softened. Its bitterness is passing away, and with the exception of some of the leading spirits in rebellion, it will all pass away in time; and with slavery removed, which has been the sole origin of all sectional feeling, the Union will be bound together in closer bonds than ever. These leading spirits I have no desire to conciliate. They have sown the wind, let them reap the whirlwind. They are subjugated as they ought to be; for the good of the country in all future time let them stay so, without an effort to raise them from the depth into which they have fallen.

The death of Lincoln has brought out to the light and to the execration of the civilized world, the true spirit and character of the rebellion. When the news first reached us that the President was shot, all felt and said that it was an act of private hate or revenge on the part of some rebel desperado. It was an act so mean and base, so contrary to all the laws of civilized warfare, that no one thought of charging it upon any but the perpetrator himself. But as the deed began to unfold itself, it exposed to our view the coils of a deadly serpent, which had been lying concealed, watching the opportunity and gathering strength to give one mighty spring and throttle out the very life of the government. No one intervention of Divine Providence in our behalf was ever more manifest, than that which defeated this gigantic rebel plot of wholesale assassination. If it had not been that the Lord was on our side, the government and nation would have been swallowed up quick. The key to that plot was the key to the whole Pandora's box of Confederate depravity. The mystery of iniquity now stands out to our view in its true character. The proof is clear before the world, that the rebellion embodied in itself the most consummate and deliberate schemes of wickedness, so deeply dyed in satanic cunning and depravity, that the actors must have had special and unusual help from the council chamber of Pandemonium. The deliberate shooting down and starvation of our prisoners, the plot to steal in and burn our Northern cities and shipping, the plot to desolate the cities and the country by spreading widely the yellow fever and small pox, and by a special messenger, to introduce these foul diseases to the Presidential mansion, and the plot to assassinate the heads of government, were all in keeping with each other, and with the character of the rebellion. No wonder that men, who could plot such schemes of deliberate wickedness, could introduce into their Congress a bill, declaring that they were justified "in putting prisoners to death without special cause, that they had a right to use poisoned weapons and to assassinate. After

this let no man speak of Southern chivalry as a high-toned manhood, and only with the utmost contempt for its meanness and depravity. It is a fitting end to such a chivalry, that it should be taken in the *last ditch*, disguised in and even disgracing the garments of an old woman. The great rebellion, its principles and its actors now stand before the world in their true light. In all future time, it will be regarded as it should be, as having been begun without reason, as being carried on on principles outraging all humanity, and as having come to an end well befitting its principles and its aims.

The death of LINCOLN, together with other developments of the true character and spirit of the rebellion, is directly calculated to *extinguish all Northern sympathy for the South and its cause*. The South counted on that sympathy, and they have had so much of it as seriously to embarrass the government. In all the Northern States, the South has had apologists and defenders, who have claimed to act in good faith and in accordance with truth and good morals. But after the developments that have been made, who can utter one word of apology for the South now, or who *desires* to do it, that wishes to retain his own feelings of self-respect, or any respect for his manhood from his fellow-men. I can sympathize with a man, who has committed even a great crime, if I can see that he has been deceived and misled, and acted conscientiously, though under a mistake; but when I see that he has acted with deliberation, and knowledge and evil purpose; acted with savage barbarity, with malice and murder in his heart, showing what his heart is by making a drinking cup out of the skull of his slain enemy, deliberately starving and shooting down the helpless * within his power, purposely spreading malignant and fatal disease, firing cities at midnight filled with a slumbering population, and using the assassin's weapon against the good and the great, *then* my sympathy is at an end. I could have no sympathy for such a man, if he had been my best friend; much less could I sympathize with the cause and the principles,

which have made him the wretch that he is, without making myself a partaker of his crime.

During the war party spirit has run high. Men have gone to extremes. Things have been said and done, which, I think, will never be said and done again, at least in our day. I look now for the intensity of party spirit to be abated. Washington warned us against that spirit as one of the chief dangers of our land, and never did we need to take note of that warning more than at the present day. Carried to the extreme that spirit leads to division, to rebellion, to public murder and private assassination.

The death of LINCOLN, and its accompanying developments, *will make it easier for the Union to be reconstructed.* We always trouble ourselves needlessly, when we strive to solve knotty questions before the proper time. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. We have been anxious to know what could be done with the negroes if they were freed? How could the South ever be conciliated, if it was subjugated? How could the Union of the States be reconstructed so as to give us the promise of lasting peace and harmony? Divine Providence is just beginning to give us a plain and manifest solution to these enquiries. It is God's province to solve these questions, and he has let the war continue just long enough and to come to an end in just such a manner as to give them an easy solution. The South wants all the emancipated slaves as laborers, and they will be more profitable to the South and the whole country as free, than they have ever been as slaves. The question will naturally arise in time, whether they shall have the privilege of the ballot box, and that question, in its proper time, will find its own solution. Three-fifths of them have always voted, not in person, but virtually in their masters, and their votes have always been cast in the interests of the aristocracy and for their own perpetual slavery. When they come to vote in person, they will vote in one solid mass for freedom and republican institutions. And it is prophesied by

able men that the time will come when their vote will be needed, to counteract the foreign and Popish influence, that is gaining such a strong foothold in our country. It is conjectured that our next internal national struggle will be with this foreign Popish influence.

As to conciliating the South, they *are* conciliated. The masses of the South are more quiet and peaceable and better satisfied to-day under the national government, than they were under their sectional government, and they have now more freedom of opinion and of speech than they had before the war. During the last two years two-thirds of their own army were deserters. They had lost faith and heart in their own cause and in their rulers. They had learned that the Northern armies were not Goths and Vandals. The work of conciliation has progressed beyond all expectation, and it will go on, and the time is not far distant when the conciliation in the masses will be complete.

As to the rabid, fire-eating secessionists, the fomentors and leaders in the rebellion, it is neither necessary or policy for the government to turn aside an inch from the even tenor of its way to conciliate them. They are conquered, subjugated; they obliged us to put them in that position; let them stay there; let them feel that the strong arm of government is over them. Give them to understand that the government can go on and be maintained without them and in spite of them. Let the pardoning power be exercised as extensively as may be safe and best for the country, and if these rabid men submit and behave themselves, let them have privileges; and if not let them be dealt with according to their deserts like other criminals.

That public justice, the good of the country and the safety of the government will demand that punishment be inflicted in the case of some prominent leading men, to its full extent, will, I think, be the general sentiment of the nation. I hold strongly to the constitution. I would give every man his

rights under the constitution, till he forfeits those rights by his own act. The loyal man I would protect in all his interests, according to the constitution. The man guilty of treason has lost his rights; he has no rights at all, except the right to a fair trial and a proper punishment for his crime. The constitution makes treason a capital offence. It describes that offence to be levying war against the government, and it fixes the punishment to be death. Let the constitution be maintained and carried out. The leaders and prominent actors in the rebellion, I would arraign before the proper tribunals. I would give them a fair and impartial trial, and if they are found guilty, I would inflict just the punishment which the constitution demands. I would do this to show that our constitution is not a dead letter, to make the strong impression on every mind in the nation that *treason is a crime*—a crime that cannot, that *must not* be compromised;—to be an example of warning, that all the Jeff Davises of future generations might see what would be their sure end. When John Brown levied war against the State of Virginia, and when he was tried and sentenced and hung, the voice of the country said it was right, though there was a general feeling that he was at least a monomaniac. It would take the guilt of ten thousand John Browns to equal the criminality of a Davis or Lee, or Beauregard, or Benjamin or Breckenridge. There is an old Latin proverb, *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, “let justice be done though the heavens fall.”

Before the death of our martyr President, there was a general feeling and quite pervading, to pass too slightly over this great crime of the rebellion—to make very easy terms with all in high and low standing, on the simple condition of their ceasing to fight. I thought I could see danger in that feeling, and I thought I could see a Divine Providence in the sudden and awful death of our President, to open the eyes of the nation to a sense of justice and safety, and bring it to a better feeling. It seemed to need just that act to thrill through the

national heart and nerve that heart up to be willing to give crime its just and proper desert. We are not a vindictive people. I would hang no man for revenge, but I would do it as a terror to evil doers and for the future safety of the country.

That terrible act of assassination, by which our enemies thought to destroy our government, *has made that government strong*—stronger than it ever was. The wheels of governmental power were not clogged a moment, and as they moved on, they moved on with more majesty and with a stronger support than before. That act of assassination decided the policy of reconstruction; that no Confederate act or officer in any State would be acknowledged. It blotted out the last four years of Southern legislation, and put in force all the old laws and courts, which Confederate authority had displaced. It gave security to the country, that the reconstruction of our national union would be right, and that the union would be stronger than it had ever been. Thanks be unto God for giving us such a President as LINCOLN for the last four years, and for giving us such a President as JOHNSON for the four years to come. The one has gone to his grave, enshrined in the loving hearts of a great people and with the universal respect of all foreign nations for his goodness and wisdom; and the other, I trust, will administer government, wisely tempering judgment with mercy, and receiving a cordial support from all the loyal classes of the community.

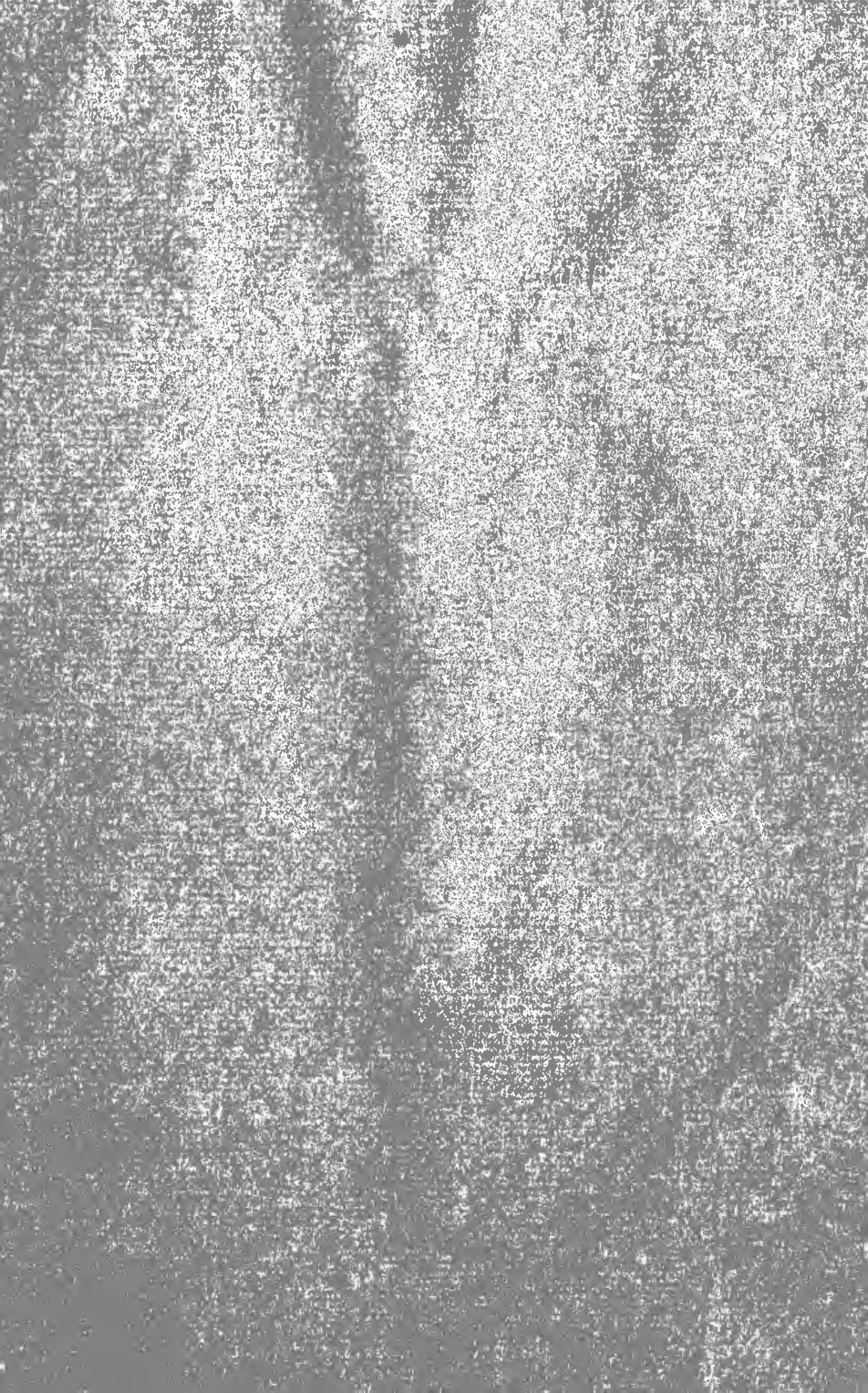
The war, the great war of the nineteenth century, is over. Peace once more spreads her balmy wings over the land. The country breathes freely. The armies are disbanding, and the men who have fought our battles and won our victories and saved our government, are coming to their homes to resume the peaceful pursuits of industry. Agitation is over, party strife is abating, the government works freely, and there is a grand prospect before us of a more glorious union and a more extended and influential prosperity than we have ever seen.

From this time onward, true democracy in governments will demand the attention of the world. For one, I rejoice in these grand results with unspeakable joy. I have lived to see the end of the great rebellion. I have lived to see the grandest triumph of law and order and government that the world ever saw; and with me it is a matter of profound satisfaction that, personally, I have contributed what I could to bring about this grand result. I have seen it stated that the rebellion could never have got a standing, without the aid of the Southern ministers of religion. By their countenance and support they contributed just that *moral influence* that gave it that standing. We know too that the ministers of religion exerted no small influence in the great Revolution to bring about the fact of our national existence, by lifting up their voices loudly in favor of liberty and independence. Our very town bears the honored name of a martyred chaplain, who, for his bold and unflinching championship of our colonial rights, was the special object of British hate, and there is every evidence that he fell by the hand of an assassin, hired by British gold. I am happy to know also, that in the struggle for national life, which has just drawn to a successful close, the ministers of religion at the North have come forward manfully and thrown the whole weight of their influence in favor of that cause, which God has now vindicated and proclaimed to the world as the right; and I am happy to feel to-day, that I am permitted to reckon myself among the number who have done this. I have aimed to give the government in its hour of peril my warm and hearty support. I have felt for it, in private and in public; I have preached for it; I have acted for it. If I had been younger and in full health, I should have performed for it a ministry in the tented field. I have done what I could. I am unspeakably glad that I have not been silent. God and my own conscience would not let me be silent. I should have felt that, under the circumstances, silence was akin to treason. What little I could do I have

done to encourage the soldier or comfort his wife and family at home, to strengthen the government, by advocating for it a strong and loyal support, and I have done this with my whole heart. And now when I look abroad and see the country in peace and growing harmony, with all its old grievances, North and South, vanishing away, with the glowing prospects before us of a well grounded peace and prosperity, I am full of gladness and joy and thanksgiving to our HEAVENLY FATHER, who hath wrought for us this great salvation.









THE PRESBYTERIAN MANSE, BIRTHPLACE OF GROVER CLEVELAND.

